

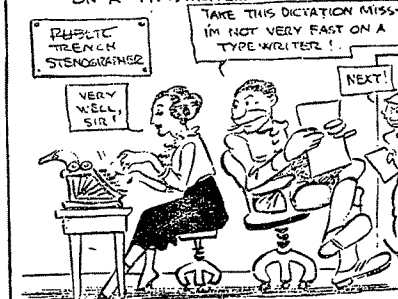
IMAGINE PULLING CIVILIAN BUNK LIKE THIS!



—By WALLGREN

Helpful Hints

No. 14—ALWAYS WRITE YOUR TRENCH LETTERS ON A TYPE-WRITER



MOST SOLDIERS HAVE THE COMMON FAILING OF WRITING IN PENCIL OR INK ON VERY ORDINARY PAPER AS SOON AS THEY HIT THE TRENCHES—THIS METHOD OF CORRESPONDING IS VERY INCORRECT AND OBSOLETE. ALWAYS TYPE YOUR LETTERS ON EMBOSSED LINEN PAPER (EVEN HIRING A PUBLIC STENOGRAPHER IF NECESSARY), AND YOU WILL SOON SEE WHAT A DIFFERENT IMPRESSION YOUR LETTERS MAKE ON THE PEOPLE AT HOME.

TRENCHES TOO SMALL FOR HUSKY SERGEANT

Two Pairs of O.D. Trousers at Once Needed to Clothe Him

BLOCKS DUGOUT ENTRANCE

Flying Wedge Has to Shove Giant Inside When Boche Begins to Shell

But for the risk of starting a controversy, it might be said that Q.M. Sergeant Pat Grealy is the biggest man in the Marine Corps. Without being statistical, it may be cited that the government never yet has issued clothing large enough for him—that when he gets new O.D.s, for instance, he draws two pairs of trousers and has a tailor convert them into one pair, and that he always has to buy an extra yard or two of cloth to fill out the back of his blouse.

For two or three decades Sergeant Grealy fought Filipinos, Boxer uprisers and saffron revolutionists between the Tropics of Capricorn and Cancer.

He was always valuable because of his strength. Old timers vouch for the story that one time in the Philippines, when a mule burdened with a whole side of beef fell and broke its leg, Sergeant Grealy himself carried the meat six miles and saved his company from a meatless day in the jungles.

It wasn't until Sergeant Grealy got to dodging Boche shells, though, that he and his fellow fighters realized how big he is. It was found that he didn't fit into the present system of trench warfare at all.

Subway Jam All by Himself

The first time an alert was sounded after his company got up front he started into a dugout and got stuck in the entrance. It took a former football star and six men to drive him through, and they had to enlarge the entrance before he could get out again.

Sergeant Grealy was put on a ration party carrying food from the cook house to the trenches. He was particularly valuable because he could put four marmite cans on a stick, throw the stick over his shoulder and walk off with the load. Only he couldn't get through the communication trenches. These they enlarged. A squad of marines was widening one one night when a French officer appeared and demanded to know the cause of the digging.

"Just enlarge it so our ration party can get through," explained a corporal.

Just then Sergeant Grealy passed with his four marmite cans. The French officer was surprised and showed it. It is the custom for two men to carry one or two cans.

"That was the ration party," explained the corporal.

Long Cramped for Space

When Sergeant Grealy was 16 he began to get cramped for space. He had to duck his head every time he went through a doorway. So he joined Uncle Sam's fighting forces and lived in a tent. He was thinking of retiring when the European war started. After the outbreak he stayed in the service because he thought the United States might get in. When it did he announced that he wouldn't retire until the war was over.

Then, he says, he is going home and get acquainted with his family. His oldest daughter is 18. He has seen her only four or five times in his life. When his second child, a son, was born, he was in the Orient and he didn't see him until the boy was four years old. And he hasn't seen his latest born yet.

GOODBYE, PHOEBE

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]
NEW YORK, May 16.—Miss Phoebe Snow has got to go—For McAdoo has ordered so; Her costume white No more well light Upon the Road of Anthracite.

'Tis pity, sad—Yet not so bad To do away with railroad ad; For some we might Call fables quite—Upon the Road of Anthracite.

The scenery We used to see Within the pamphlets' panoply, No more will sway Our hearts to stray In sunny Callow-lows.

The Government On rule is bent Of every road: the sums they've spent On ads aglow They now must blow On other folks than Phoebe Snow!

ETIQUETTE TALKS FOR DOUGHBOYS

Hike Manners

By BRAN MASH

Now that the season is pretty well advanced along toward summer, and owing to the influx of pleasure-and-business-seeking Teutonic visitors from the north, the chances are that walking, or "hiking," one of the French country-side will come more and more in favor among the athletically inclined younger set of the A.E.F. The chances are, too, that the exclusive Infantry contingents will not have altogether a monopoly of this engrossing pastime, but that all grades and all arms of the service will have a chance to engage in it.

As hikes have been time-honored social events among the best armies of all times, a certain ceremonial usage has grown up in connection with them. This usage should be carefully studied by all those who desire to show by their behavior that they know the correct thing when they see it, even if they don't practice it themselves.

Give It to an Officer

To begin with: If you are all fagged out and your tongue is hanging out of your mouth like a puppy-dog's ear, do not make a break for the nearest eat-shop. That is distinctly bad form; and the things you might collect at the eat-shop would be more than detrimental to your walking form, if you collected too many of them. Take, entirely on the contrary, the right hand side of the road, get your feet up off the ground if you can, roll one, and cuss. A man who does not cuss (on a hike shows that he is no true Christian gentleman).

If an officer comes up and asks you, "Well, how are you standing?" He to him. He expects it. If you tell him the truth—that you aren't standing it at all and that you'd much rather be back in billets, he will never invite you to go on another one of his personally conducted walking tours. And you know you couldn't stand that sort of social ostracism under any conditions.

SPORTING NEWS AND COMMENT

With the two major leagues in full swing back home, it looks as though two of the regular pennant winners will grab off the flags again this year. The Giants, Cubs and Pirates are again in the fight in the National league, and it would seem that Cincinnati and St. Louis, which have not won pennants, will have to be satisfied with lower berths.

In the American league the race is a close one, a three-cornered fight between the Red Sox, White Sox and Cleveland. Of course, the two Sox teams have won flags, but Cleveland is still in the maiden class. There are three other American league clubs which have failed to cop in the 18 years the league has been going, the Yanks, the Browns and the Senators.

After playing the first week's games, McCarty, of the Giants, led his league in hitting with a percentage of .562; Fainello, of the Cards, being second with .500 and Bancroft, of the Phillies, third with .457. In the American league, Jackson, of the White Sox, hit at a .562 clip in five games; Wanby, of Cleveland, .533, and Strunk, of the Red Sox, .461.

Jack Crooks, former National league star, who died recently, was a unique character of the diamond in the earlier days. He was a first class infielder, a good hitter and, in addition, a born comedian, ranking with Arlie Latham, Herman Schaefer, "Monkey" Foreman and others. Crooks will always be remembered because of a peculiar play he pulled off at St. Louis. While playing third base one day, the opposing side had filled the bases and there were two men out. The batter placed a neat bunt in front of the plate and it looked as though the play, nowadays known as the "squeeze," would result in the winning run being scored. There was no chance for Crooks to throw out the batter or to prevent the man going home with the winning run. He ran up, knelt besides the ball and just before it came to a stop near the foul line began blowing at it and the sphere rolled foul. There was no rule governing such a play and the batter, who was called back to bat, fanned, and Crooks' side had won. There was almost a riot as a result, but the play went.

Ted Lewis, who claims the water-weight title, thus far has shown no inclination to come over to France and participate in the big world-cup, and even in his encounters back in the States he refuses to do any real fighting, so that all over the country fight fans are becoming disgusted with his methods of "stalling" through the short ten-round decision battles. As a fighter, Lewis is rapidly developing into a tango dancer and also is showing himself to be quite a sprinter. Recently, in a bout with Joe Egan at Milwaukee, Lewis ran away for ten rounds and all the sporting scries gave Egan the verdict. Lewis probably figures that life is too short to worry about anything, and a

would if any of the enlisted personnel swiped them. Officers are human; and besides, your stuff might have fallen out when you were carrying the pack yourself, anyhow.

If, however, you find soap is missing, call the officer to account at once. There are some things that cannot be overlooked, even when you are determined to live up to the highest principles of hike manners and deportment.

Put Them at Their Ease

The minute the "Route Order" command is given, start to sing "Home, Boys, Home," laying particular emphasis on the verse about "The commissioned officers, they are," etc. This puts the officers, who feel a bit disgruntled because of the small size of the baggage they are allowed to take, entirely on their case. It shows them that they are welcome on the party—and, if they are not sure of their welcome, they are likely to turn around and go back. In that case, you would have to turn around and go back too; and all that hike would be gone over for nothing.

If a halt comes in a town of any size, do not make a break for the nearest eat-shop. That is distinctly bad form; and the things you might collect at the eat-shop would be more than detrimental to your walking form, if you collected too many of them. Take, entirely on the contrary, the right hand side of the road, get your feet up off the ground if you can, roll one, and cuss. A man who does not cuss (on a hike shows that he is no true Christian gentleman).

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SERGEANT MISS—YES, THAT'S RIGHT

Expert Riflewoman Grace M. Brown Sends Her Best Wishes

Sergeant Grace M. Brown—No, that isn't a misprint. How could there possibly be a misprint in a newspaper that is proofread half a dozen times by a first class Engineer private? Well, to go on—Sergeant Grace M. Brown writes as follows:

Wait a minute. It is only fair to state that Sergeant Grace is not in France at this printing. She would like to be. She is a non-com in the Shepard Women's Rifle Club, of the Shepard Norwell Company of Boston, Mass., and she writes as follows:

"We girls are ready and willing for the call to help these precious souls over there in every way we can. We are straight United States through and through. May God's richest blessing rest upon you. I am praying for all our precious boys over there."

"I thank God for such brave men as you. What a grand homecoming there will be for you. And you brave men are going to win."

"Your little Sergeant in Arms, "GRACE M. BROWN."

Here's betting at any odds you care to name that Sergeant Grace is going to get two or three burgulonds of letters a week for the duration of the war.

THEY SOMETIMES DO

"And now, Brother," said the Visiting Parson to the Y.M. man who was an ex-parson but who had a sense of humor for all that, "and now, Brother, tell me, are these lads aware of the Presence of God?"

"Well, I don't know, —er, Brother," replied the Y.M. man who was an ex-parson but who had a sense of humor for all that, "but they do seem—particularly the muleskinners—to talk out loud to God a good deal!"

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WITH THE MITT WIELDERS

Sam Langford has decided to retire from the light game. He was recently knocked out by Harry Wills at Panama.

Kid Norfolk was given the decision over Porky Flynn in twelve rounds at Boston.

Joe Bush was given the newspaper decision over Ted Lewis in a slow ten round bout at Milwaukee. In the semi, Clonie Tait stopped Billy Williams in two rounds.

Harry Grab, Pittsburgh scrapper, has been quite ill and was forced to cancel all his matches.

Angie Ratner, the New York middleweight, has been rejected by the Army because of flat feet.

Johnny Dundee was forced to call off five scheduled bouts because of a severe illness.

Johnny Volossi, brother of Al, fought a fast ten round draw with Henry Hamber at Reading, Pa.

Benny Leonard easily defeated Jack Rizzio, of Hazleton, Pa., at Philadelphia, the bout being stopped in the fourth round.

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